The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XV NO. 22 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1937 IN 2 SECTIONS: SEC. 2

1837 1937

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Centenary

Thirty-four Beacon Street
Boston Massachusetts

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IN THE AUTUMN

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY WILL PUBLISH

"Public Friend Number 1 for the Lover of Literature"

BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Eleventh Edition

Revised and Enlarged

Christopher Morley, Editor

Louella D. Everett, Associate Editor

WITH the publication of the long-contemplated new edition "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations", friend and guide for generations of readers, again becomes the most up-to-date as well as the best collection of quotations available. By virtue of its chronological arrangement (as always in "Bartlett" since 1855), its carefully pondered inclusions and exclusions, and its supreme ease of access for the inquiring reader, the new "Bartlett" will be Public Friend Number 1 for the Lover of Literature.

In sum, the book really is a panorama of the whole history of our English language—the mouthpiece of a race. From old Caedmon "bashful in the byre", down to young Nathalia Crane equally bashful and delightful in Brooklyn, these extracts catch the human heart unawares. More than an anthology of what seem (at the moment) the most enduring felicities of speech it is also a history, a geography, an encyclical—a Round Robin—of human hopefulness.

Orders placed with your bookseller on or before April 27th will be filled on publication at $5.00 regardless of the possible increase in price between now and then.

One Hundred Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 **1937**

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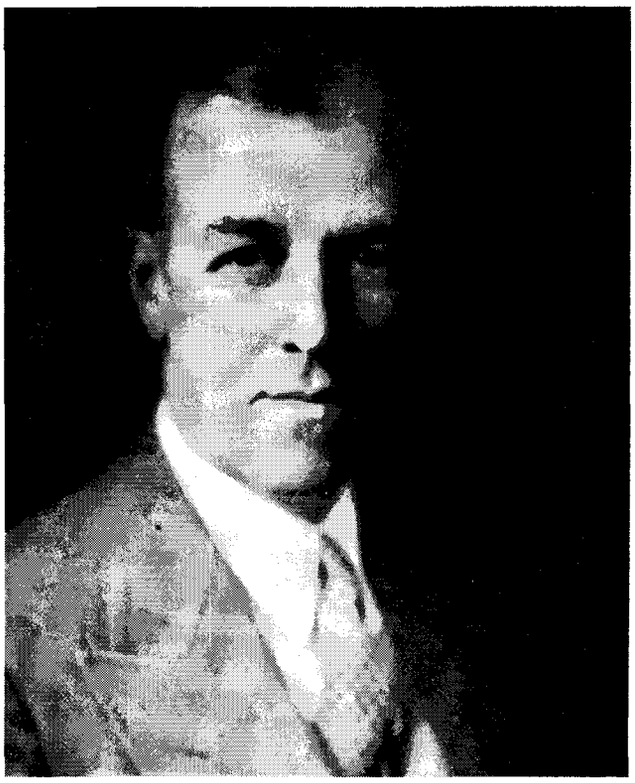
Author and Publisher

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

WHEN one's publishers have survived a hundred years of the maddest business in the world, one may be permitted to join the celebration of the event by voicing some of the ideas usually suppressed in obedience to the maddest relationship that business involves. Little, Brown and Company, like the Abbé Sieyès, have survived. They are my publishers and I am part of what they have survived. It is a good time to voice, in celebration, some of those suppressions.

The sneer was already elderly when Lord Byron gave the centuries a tagline, "Now, Barabbas was a publisher." I heard a variant the other day in an elevator when a person who writes books whispered to me, "We seem to have fallen among publishers." I hear all the variants for I consort with publicans and authors, and it is the authors, those fretful children, who are articulate about this most neurotic relationship in the business world. Into the unconscious of the writing man it is best not to explore too deeply, the yeasty chaos which produces the books we read and these obsessive phantasies about the people who publish them. In that ferment the image of the publisher is one of infinite bale and guile, and also of compassionate power. Freud would tell us that it is one more surrogate of the primal Old Man, the good father and the bad father, from whom come memberships in golf clubs and winter trips to Nassau, but from whom must be expected peril and betrayal also, who must be reverenced as the source of publicity and royalties but must be constantly propitiated lest his capricious evil be loosed upon one. So, like all Old Men, he must be both outwitted and triumphed over, and an epigram is a safe triumph.



Bachrach

ALFRED R. McINTYRE
President, Little, Brown & Co.

Therefore the phantasies. In a world much given to spite and thickwittedness, there is no malice and no stupidity like those that have kept your latest novel from the bestseller list. It had everything, understand: the climax and fruition of the novelist's skill, a theme whose profundity was equalled only by the shrewdness with which it had been chosen to meet the immediate interest of the reading public, dramatic passages which any publisher with sense (if only there were such) would have hammered home in the ads (say with a series of full-page displays in the *Times*), a story so powerful that the Sioux Falls *Sentinel* was in ecstasies, and a passionate purity more heartbreaking than anything else the Texarkana *Herald* had ever read—I tell you, it was a masterpiece. A natural. And what happened? A type-size that blinded the reader, a jacket that would have condemned "Anthony Adverse" to the remainder counter, a publicity campaign so feeble that it disgusted the editors who retaliated by shutting off publicity at the source, advertising so amateurish and above all so penurious that it only mocked the book. Advertising? There was none—none at least that any one ever saw, a mere line or two in the first week and then no more.

And it was not as if the publisher had been without expert advice. At every step of this tragic farce, there was the author at his shoulder, freely giving him counsel, laboring with a fecundity and ingenuity of suggestion hardly imaginable to do the job right, to put the book over singlehanded, to teach the publisher his trade. . . . You know the recital by heart. If publishers cannot succeed at their business it is not for want of help at it from their authors.

A certain morbidity enlists my emotions on the other side. The aberration that gives some men a liking for tropical fish and makes other habitués of the flea circus makes me fond of publishers. So, listening to the serial tale of the Great Chance Missed, I invariably find myself sympathizing with the publisher who missed the chance. A publisher is a man who has to publish what authors write. That in itself entitles him to all the mercy and loving-kindness that heaven has on

(Cont'd on p. 4A)

EARLY THIS YEAR the editors of THE SATURDAY REVIEW *decided to recognize the completion of a hundred years of publishing by Little, Brown & Company with congratulations, historical anecdotes, and wise saws about the publishing business. Once embarked on the project, they found such a wealth and variety of material that the idea has expanded to the length presented in this special section. It has seemed better to present it in this form, including the advertisements specially prepared for the occasion by Little, Brown & Company, than to overbalance the pages of our main section. These highlights of a century of literary enterprise and adventure are dedicated to the Hub of the Universe, Little, Brown & Company, the publishing business, and our readers in the knowledge that a business so long established and so successfully maintained is interesting not only in itself but as a cultural force in the national life.*

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Is Marquand Willing?

"BOSTON because of its distinctive historical and cultural traditions remains an especially fertile scene for the chronicler and the novelist.—*Editorial in the Boston Transcript referring to "The Late George Apley."* . . .

JOHN P. MARQUAND

. . . but let that novelist beware!

"'George Apley' is Mr. Marquand's best book. Mr. Edgett of the *Transcript* did not find it amusing, but in general it had a good press and is still among the best sellers."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

"I don't believe a word of it. I've lived in Boston all my life. I've known everybody there who was worth knowing, and I've never even heard of George Apley. I think John Marquand wrote every one of those letters himself."—*Sworn to by a Boston bookseller.*

"Because his firm published J. P. Marquand's satirical Boston story, 'The Late George Apley,' a number of members of Beacon Hill's holy Somerset Club have stopped speaking to one of the Little, Brown directors."—*Clipped from a column in a New York paper.* (Editor's note—This report is somewhat exaggerated.)

The publishers would like to make a public announcement that they are unable to forward letters to any member of the Apley family, that they do not know where a genealogy of Mr. Marquand's branch of the Apley family may be obtained, and that they have no future contracts with Mr. Willing and are unable to make any statement as to his availability for other family biographies.

9th Large Printing

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

A Novel in the Form of a Memoir

By John P. Marquand

$2.50

100 Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 1937

Author and Publisher

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tap. A business whose merchandise is the products of literary people! A business whose occupational disease is association with the literary! While the serial recital grows more tearful under the influence of the third cocktail, I remember how the publisher got a wire from the artist directing him to meet Junior at the train and see that he got safely off to camp, how on March fourteenth he had to detail a bookkeeper to bring the artist's income tax report out of its snarls, how he was roused from sleep by what was intended to be a nightletter but wasn't, demanding that he restore in plate proof what his editor had sliced out of the galleys, how the writing of the masterpiece was interrupted till he found a job in his organization for the younger sister of the artist's wife. I remember another crisis in the creation of the masterpiece when the artist's nerves slumped and for some hours in the publisher's office (hogged from the spring conference of salesmen) he groaned and wept and told the man who paid him royalties that it was all a mistake, he could write no more, he had never been able to write, and for God's sake ship him off to a sanitarium, get him a divorce, or best of all tell him where the cyanide was kept. There are directions for handling this crisis in the manual of every publishing house—and also what to do about the artist's insomnia, his sudden love affair, his luncheons with another publisher who suspects that he may have one good book left in him, the christening of his third child, the failure of Hollywood to offer him a contract. There are pages in the ledger where liquor and food and toll calls and taxi fares and a hundred other perquisites of the artist are charged off to overhead. There are scores of other tested emergency remedies and expedients. But the whole history of publishing has produced no satisfactory way of heading off an application for another advance or of keep-

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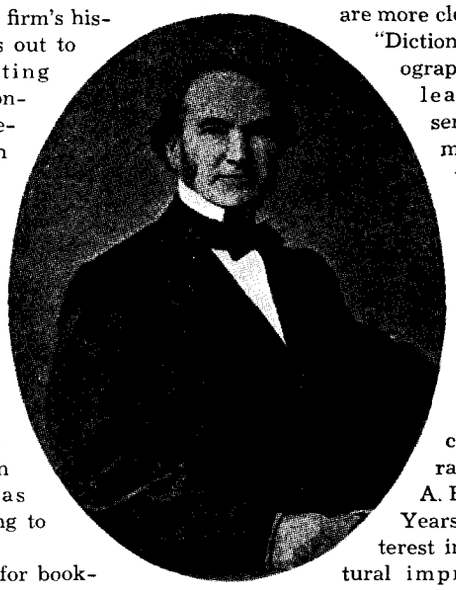
Highlights of 100 Years

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PUBLISHING: 1837-1937. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. Privately printed.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

ANY publishing house which has the opportunity to celebrate its hundredth anniversary—and only four American houses are a hundred years old—has lived through a good deal of excitement. Its archives must be full of good stories: stories that recall a vanished literary atmosphere, stories of famous people before they became famous; anecdotes that seemed commonplace when they happened, but which have taken on color through age and associations. You can find a lot of this sort of thing, and very good reading it makes, in any publisher's memoirs: Frank Swinnerton's recent autobiography, for instance, and George H. Doran's "Chronicles of Barabbas," are full of behind-the-scenes and now-it-can-be-tolds of comparatively recent publishing history. How much more there must be in the files of a publisher who set up in business a few weeks after Martin Van Buren set up in the White House!

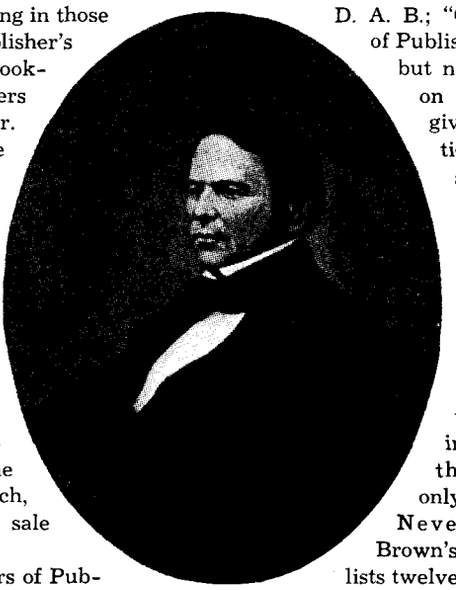
Little, Brown and Company, centenarians this spring, have issued the small book under review, "One Hundred Years of Publishing." It runs to 83 pages, is generously leaded and illustrated, and it modestly confines itself to a brief and factual account of the firm's history. For what it sets out to be, it is an interesting summary, written anonymously and objectively, and hitting the high spots of the story in a fashion that would undoubtedly appeal to the editors of *The Readers' Digest.* I wish it were longer, more detailed, and more personal. It is usually considered unfair to review a book for what it does not try to do, but in this case the vistas opened are too inviting to pass up.



CHARLES C. LITTLE

It is unusual today for booksellers to go into publishing. Nearly all the active houses which have grown up in the last twenty years were founded by men who got their publishing experience in other publishing houses: one thinks of Harcourt, Brace, of Farrar and Rinehart, Knopf, Morrow, Simon and Schuster, and several others in this connection. But in the eighteenth century all publishers were booksellers, and in the nineteenth it was customary for booksellers to become publishers. Both Charles C. Little and James Brown were recruited from bookselling (as were William D. Ticknor and James T. Fields, who founded the other important Boston house which later became Houghton Mifflin Co.).

A memoir of James Brown, privately printed in 1856, tells something about the procedure of bookselling in those days. Instead of publisher's salesmen visiting booksellers, the booksellers came to the publisher. "At the Trade Sale Rooms of Messrs. Bangs Brothers & Co., of New York, which were filled with booksellers from all parts of the country, the death of Mr. James Brown, their late co-laborer, was announced this (Thursday) afternoon, the fifteenth day of March, 1855, whereupon the sale was adjourned."



JAMES BROWN

"One Hundred Years of Publishing" tells us of Little, Brown's early lists, which went in heavily for legal publications and importations of fine editions from England. The personalities of Mr. Little and Mr. Brown are more clearly suggested in the "Dictionary of American Biography," from which we learn that Mr. Little served twice as selectman in Cambridge, was for two years a member of the lower house of the Massachusetts legislature, "and was for many years president of a Cambridge bank, besides being an active director of a gas company and a street railroad." Both the D. A. B. and "One Hundred Years" point out his interest in civic and architectural improvements. James Brown, eleventh of thirteen children, was apprenticed to a Harvard professor who taught him Latin and mathematics; he went into bookselling at eighteen, and became the traveling partner of the firm, making several trips to England for importations. He left $5,000 to the Harvard College Library. "In his later years," says the D. A. B., "he developed a country estate at Watertown, where he dispensed 'becoming hospitality.'"

The development of the Little, Brown list shows from the beginning that the range of the firm's interests was not restricted to the local output. The flowering of New England was proceeding parallel with the burgeoning of Little, Brown, and among other publications of the house were books by Bancroft, Bowditch, Child, Dana, Greenleaf, Lieber, Parkman, Prescott, Sparks, and Story, and complete editions of John Adams and Webster. This information, again, comes from the D. A. B.; "One Hundred Years of Publishing" mentions most but not all of the writers on the foregoing list, giving particular attention to Parkman. Even so, we should have liked to see more attention given to Parkman, an author whose peculiarities must have left a large folder full of stories and legends. There were times when his eyes were in such bad shape that he could read only one minute a day. Nevertheless Little, Brown's current catalogue lists twelve large volumes of his works now in print.

"One Hundred Years of Publishing" pays graceful tribute to the inauguration, in 1857, of *The Atlantic Monthly,* whose book publishing business was to come under the Little, Brown imprint sixty-eight years later. Here again we should have liked to get more of the flavor and atmosphere of the *Atlantic's* dinners and the Saturday Club. Two of L. B.'s own publications, "Memories of a Hostess" by M. A. DeWolfe, and Dr. Cushing's memoirs, could have supplied some of this.

By the time the last flower of nineteenth-century New England had bloomed, Little, Brown had developed numerous important enterprises, notably Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," first published in 1855, and revised eight times before 1891. Bartlett himself, incidentally, had begun as a bookseller, and became a partner in Little, Brown in 1859. In 1878—among other things we never knew till now—L. B. were the American distributors of the Encyclopædia Britannica, Ninth Edition. The big year was 1896, when "Quo Vadis" and "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" first appeared.

The story on "Quo Vadis" is well told, and does credit to the editorial judgment of the firm in those days. They had previously published three novels by Sienkiewicz, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." The sales figures given on these are respectively 1922 copies, 1585 copies, and 2432 copies—

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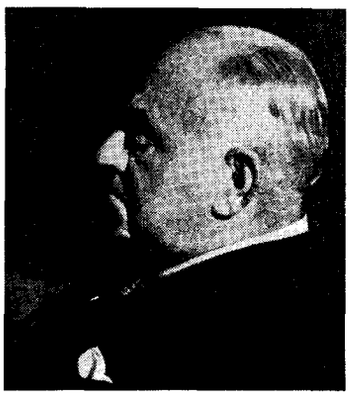
Master of plots - - - - he has passed two century marks



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY on the occasion of their first centenary must bow to the record of one of their authors who can legitimately claim to have passed his second. This, as you may suspect, is that master of plots and thrills, E. Phillips Oppenheim, who has probably set more writing records than any other author, living or dead. Back in 1927 he passed one century mark by writing his 100th book, "Miss Brown of X.Y.O." On July 17, 1936, he reached another centenary with the publication of his 100th full-length novel, "The Magnificent Hoax."

The year 1937 marks a half century since Oppenheim's first novel, "Expiation," was published. His first short story was written and published a year before.

For thirty-three years his books have been published by Little, Brown and Company—that is, for just a third of the firm's entire life span. Few living authors on any publisher's list can equal this record. Indeed, what other author, who was writing books fifty years ago, will produce a best seller in 1937?

October 22, 1936 brought another Oppenheim milestone—his seventieth birthday, which his publishers observed by issuing the third Oppenheim omnibus, "Spies and Intrigues," which included "The Great Impersonation," held by many to be his finest story. On that day friends all over the world wished him a long and happy continuance of that inspiration which has produced so fresh, so innocent and so unfailing a source of enjoyment for millions of people.

THE DUMB GODS SPEAK

by E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

A staggering international conspiracy. $2.00

100 Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 1937

Highlights of 100 Years

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hardly an encouragement to keep the Polish author on the list. As our anonymous author puts it, "the Polish names, Hmelnitski, Skshetuski, Vishnyevetski, Zaiontchkovski, bothered American readers." But "Quo Vadis," when it appeared in 1896, "swept the country in editions ranging from the two-volume de luxe edition of two hundred and fifty sets retailing at $12.00, to the paper-bound edition which was wholesaled as low as nine cents per copy in the fight between Little, Brown and Company and the publishers of another translation. Under the then existing copyright law, the original Polish work could not be protected in the United States unless a text in Polish were published here within six months of publication in Poland. Naturally this was not done, with the result that in December, 1897, another translation was issued by Altemus, of Philadelphia, and the battle began. The author, of course, received no royalties from the other translation."

The record on Fannie Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" is unfortunately much terser. The first printing was 3,000 copies, and the sale today is 1,736,000, which keeps it a good jump ahead of "Gone with the Wind." About Fannie Farmer herself and her cooking school the publishers omit some interesting information. Born in 1857, Fannie Farmer suffered a paralytic stroke while she was in high school. After her recovery she finished her education at the Boston Cooking School, went on the faculty after graduation, and became director in 1891. Later she resigned and established her own cooking school. She was averse to publicity, and never subscribed to a clipping bureau. One year she gave a course at the Harvard Medical School on invalid cooking. She was an incessant lecturer, and towards the end of her life —she died in 1915—spoke from a wheel chair. She was known, according to the Dictionary of American Biography, as "the mother of level measurements."

Meanwhile another history-making venture had been inaugurated with the publication in 1890 of "The Influence of Sea Power on History," by Captain (later Rear Admiral) Alfred Thayer Mahan—though just what history was going to be made was not apparent for some years. When Admiral Mahan died on December 1, 1914, *The New York Times* printed a long obituary of him on the first page. I wish Little, Brown had reprinted it in "One Hundred Years;" failing that, I shall quote a paragraph here:

> His great reputation had been developed in the nine years immediately preceding the first Hague conference. It was in 1890 that his first book of international importance, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," was published in Boston and made the author known around the world. The book is

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Bibliodisiacs

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I'VE been trying to put together in my mind, what is the one peculiar and necessary ingredient that makes a publisher, that gives an imprint lustre, that strangely works to make the name of a house familiar and good to hear. And the word that comes to me—appropriately, for I write from Chicago under duress of haste—is a word born here in Old Loopy. It is *Bibliodisiac*. It is the Bibliodisiac element, somewhere in the outfit, which gives a publisher longevity. I use the word with no connotation of the unseemly. It is a fine frenzy indeed, a peculiar arrancy starting none knows how, an ecstasy beyond reason or calculus of profit. The publisher who has no bibliodisia in his heart may be fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; apt in all sorts of merchandizing schemes; but he remains only a merchant.

Now the most interesting thing (to me) in the history of Little, Brown and Company is not its long roll of respected authors, nor its unblemished record of just, good-humored and canny trading, nor its domicile in the pure serene of Beacon Hill. It is the fact that it (and also its famous component, Roberts Brothers, still honored in observance) was born out of a bookstore. Those fine businesses were started by young men in whom "livelier than elsewhere we Stella's image see." In short, they had the bibliodisiac spark. They would rather handle, read, and sell books than anything else in the world. Books to them were not just convenient packages of trade but that indescribable heat and excitement of the mind, that recognition in a stranger of one's own most precious or pitiful stirrings. Oh yes, we think of them as sober and solid New Englanders with a somewhat adipose line of law books and histories and cultured importations. But to the legal mind, does not the cheeseparing nicety of jurisprudent distinction give a thrill as delicate as the adjective our heart confirms in Shakespeare or in Keats? Nor has anyone ever proved that Prescott—or even Bancroft—was dull; or that the grand old British Poets series (Pickering's well-bred Aldines) did not kindle as warmly in the minds of our grandfathers as our latest fashionable Housman or Millay.

I remember a brief conversation I once had with Mr. Kroch, the well-known bookseller in Chicago, just at the windy front door of his shop on Michigan Avenue. Someone had mentioned a newspaper story about some university which was (absurdly) described as "a hotbed of radicalism." And we wondered why the term hotbed should always be used as a term of reproach. Why shouldn't this bookstore (we both exclaimed) be a Hotbed of Books? And now I see that a lively young bookshop called "The Home of Books" has lately opened here on West Madison Street. I'm tempted to suggest to them to use the alternative phrase. We don't want books to feel too much at home in the shop—but to show a desire to sprout, branch out, and hook onto the customer like blackberry brambles.

Surely there must have been this hotbed and germinal quality in the little Boston and Cambridge bookshops where the great New England publishers began. I like to think back and imagine the ardors and endurances of those young men: their pleasure when James Russell Lowell or Dr. Holmes or Thoreau came fresh and mint from the press. The pleasure of lending, selling or communicating a book must be partly in our knowledge that the transaction is interminable: who can tell how far, how deep it may travel in the other's mind, and through his to others still.

To the outsider there is something mysteriously remote, austere, invisible, about the name of a publishing firm; the more widely known, somehow the more vaguely authoritarian and esoteric it sounds; a sort of Newton's Law or Mendelian Hypothesis. But, having had many privileges of seeing the publishing business in the actual impact of its affair—particularly in and around bookstores—I can't help thinking of it in terms of human personalities. When you ask me to think about L. B. and Co. I think of seeing Frank Jones, their veteran and so well-respected traveler in this territory, discussing the next publication date as I saw him yesterday at Marshall Field's; or John Scheele of Field's bursting with enthusiasm for *Beat to Quarters* by Forester; or Nordhoff and Hall in far-away Tahiti musing together on their *Bounty* story; or the joy of Herbert Jenkins when his premonition of some forthcoming war masterpiece came to actuality as Remarque's *All Quiet* (equipoised by the despair of my brother F. V. M. who had brought the first galleys of the book to this country, and saw it declined by the house he was then representing abroad); or maybe Roger Scaife so shrewdly alternating encouragement and reproach as his editors devilled their way through the long job of revising *Bartlett*. For no one—be it traveler, editor, or the bookhandler himself (excellent German word)—goes in for this trade of ours without some kind of instinctive dedication. The rewards, in legal tender, are precarious and few; the pleasures certain and uncountable.

What would most please those vanished worthies, Little and Brown, if they could know it, would be to see the identical same germ of bibliodisia working in ourselves today. Only last night I had the good fortune to sit with a group of young booksellers in the storage cellar of a bookstore here in Chicago. Does it seem fantastic to report that we gathered round the packing table, with a

(*Continued on next page*)

From the jacket design of Remarque's "Three Comrades"

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A Bicycle Ride Inspired Him

JAMES HILTON

IN the autumn of 1933 the author of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" and "We Are Not Alone" was living at Wanstead, an old part of London, "in a house that dates from 1780 or so, in a district that is charming, quiet and unfashionable." It was quite close to Epping Forest where Hilton walked his burly Alsatian and tiny Pekingese, which in winter evenings rather inadequately balanced the Hilton hearthrug.

James Hilton was born in 1900 in Lancashire. At an early age he was taken to live in London, where he attended various schools. Too young for service in the War, he was in the Cambridge O.T.C. when the War ended.

Hilton had been writing since his boyhood. His first article was accepted by none other than the *Manchester Guardian* when he was only seventeen. His first novel, "Catherine Herself," was written also when he was seventeen, and published two years later (1920) while he was still an undergraduate.

What he calls his "real stroke of good luck" came when he was commissioned by the editor of the *British Weekly* to write a long short story for a special Christmas supplement to be completed in a fortnight. Inspiration would not come. Mr. Hilton says he never suffered so much in his life, and spent the whole of the first week in a blue funk. Then while he was bicycle-riding one foggy winter morning the idea came, "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" was finished in four days, within a year was a best-seller on two continents, and Mr. Hilton was established, at the age of thirty-three, at the top of his profession.

Recently Mr. Hilton has been writing for the movies in Hollywood. He is one of the few authors to do so with no complaints about the temperaments of movie executives.

45th Thousand

The New Book by the Author of
"Good-bye, Mr. Chips"

James Hilton's

WE ARE NOT ALONE

AN ATLANTIC BOOK. $2.00

100 Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 1937

Bibliodisiacs

(*Continued from preceding page*)

bottle of Cutty Sark (and paper cups) to thaw shyness, and spent an evening of unblemishable delight reading Shakespeare's Sonnets aloud and casting ballots for those we liked best? The shade of Little, the wraith of Brown, would understand—perhaps would even like to know that of the sonnets read the three highest votes went to numbers 41, 66, and 60. Of that group, one was a young advertising man who works in a bookstore at night by surplus of enthusiasm. Another was a boy who was brought up in an insurance office and was drawn into the book business by frequenting second-hand stalls in his lunch hour. There were others (more remarkable still) whose gust for books is not even quenched by all day afoot in a department store rental library, which might well bevel the edges of an ecstasy (blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure).

According to this morning's newspapers, Chicago was tweaked by an earthquake last night (March 8) just about the time we were taking our final ballot on the Sonnets. We did not even feel it. Let this be the ultimate tribute to bibliodisia.

It is not always a good thing for a publishing house to grow old: there are many dangers of indolence, stereotype, complacency. The house whose century the trade salutes this year has grown old without any painful accessions of dignity. I dare say there was a pleasing symbolism when they chose for their 20th century office that gracious little street on Beacon Hill. It was not Easy Street (there is no Easy Street in this business) but Joy Street.

And, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson's Life of Pope, they have "obtained the accumulated honor both of what they have published and of what they have suppressed." For a house is also known by what it does *not* publish.

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Author and Publisher

(Continued from page 4A)

ing the artist out of the publisher's office.

I know something about them because I too have been an artist loafing grandly in the office of my publishers. A fascinating if morbid place, those big rooms at the corner of Beacon and Joy, with corridors wandering crazily through the various levels of the Brahmin architecture. An amusing place. They will show you the cable that Herbert Jenkins, a most moral man, had to send from London in order to list the expressions that had been deleted in the English edition of "Journey to the End of the Night"—and one hopes that all cable clerks are male and world-weary. You can see, if your mind runs that way, innumerable letters from the dead great who are sufficiently noticed elsewhere in this section, practically all of them alluding to another advance before the great name is finally signed. You can see the pliocene editions of Fanny Farmer, of Louisa Alcott, of Bartlett, of curiosa and fantastica and Americana. You can see many amazing things but nothing so amazing as the daily detail of any publisher dealing with any author. It was here that I saw the manuscript of a book which later sold into the hundreds of thousands laid on Alfred McIntyre's desk by a novelist who informed him that he needn't publish it if he didn't want to—for the artist was now extinct, even if it could be shown that he had ever been active, and was going into the leather business. We wandered off, the three of us, and Mr. McIntyre was soon pouring restorative liquors into the maw of the artist who, in ten minutes, was again the leading novelist of his generation or, if we wanted to be candid, any other generation. How often it had been Mr. McIntyre's professional duty to listen to X saying Y and then restore X with triple-X in this standardized routine I could only guess with horror and admiration.

It was this same Alfred McIntyre who had a bottle of Montrachet 1924 delivered to my dinner table the day "We Accept with Pleasure" was finished. A gesture so superfluous that it seemed as spontaneous as a flower—it being part of the publisher's art to seem enraptured at the moment of embarking on an enterprise so dubious that no other kind of business man would risk money on it. But what I principally owe to Little, Brown & Company is neither wine nor flowers but the reduction of certain naivetés.

Thus there came a day when I had promised to do something or other—I forget what—about "Mark Twain's America," which I was then writing. Suddenly an occupational risk befell me and I had to drop the book while I wrote a story. I dispatched a note saying that I could not keep my promise for a couple of weeks. The next day Mr. Jenkins tele-

(Continued on next page)

Courtney Ryley Cooper Speaking:

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

"LET'S be sensible regarding this drivel that crime does not pay. The slogan was conceived by some well-meaning sentimentalist who believed the phrase would become a bogeyman to frighten little boys and girls into security against temptation. It seems rather strange, if crime does not pay, that more than three million, five hundred thousand persons should be engaged in it, thus forming by far the biggest industry in America. It is to display the thousand-and-one forms in which crime is being made to pay that this book is written. I hope to take the reader by the hand and lead him through the labyrinths of the underworld.

"Safety is the most necessary thing for human existence. Therefore, so you may know something about protecting yourself and your home, this volume is devoted to the why and how and wherefore of crime; how it lives and prospers. It is dedicated to the explanation of how millions of persons live upon crime and its fringes, how politics thrives and fattens upon it, how civic corruption feeds and festers through relationship with it. You should be interested in the bargain cheapness of murder, the slime of pardon, and the truth about parole.

"There may be much that will sound bizarre, manufactured, unbelievable; facts which seemingly describe conditions of medieval times, not those of a modern age; but the modern aspect is expressed by the bank robber who said, 'It's a damn sight safer these days to kill a guy than it is to cross a street. And if a fellow does have to pass a little time away from the bright lights, I'd rather do it in a hoosegow than in a hospital'."

5th LARGE PRINTING

"A nerve-chilling challenge to the nation ... he wrote this book 'so you may know something about protecting yourself and your family'."—*News-Week.*

HERE'S TO CRIME

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

$2.75

100 Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 1937

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"If certain people accuse me of treason..."

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

THOUGH Erich Maria Remarque is a lover of dogs he does not share the feeling of the man who said, "The more I see of men . . ." For Remarque humanity has an all-embracing interest. The only hobby he will own to is that of sitting at a Paris café to watch the crowds go by—not a surprising taste when one recalls that he comes from a family which emigrated from France to the Rhineland during the Revolution. But there is a deeper meaning in this hobby which Remarque himself expressed when he once said: "That crowd is life, and I adore life above everything else. Even a book interests me only if it makes us love life better, if it lifts us out of our routine by making us reflect on the greatest of all problems, on the most marvelous of all miracles: we live."

Born in 1898 in Osnabrück in Westphalia, Remarque has perhaps inherited the traditional Westphalian peace-loving, even tenor of mind. At eighteen he went directly from school into the army, like the boy soldiers in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He served in the infantry to the end of the war. "We felt convinced," he says, "that we were fighting for the salvation of the world. . . . I am now convinced that young Englishmen and young Frenchmen thought the same thing. But afterward, afterward! . . . If, from time to time, certain people in Germany accuse me of treason, it is because it is hard for them to admit that one can love one's country and at the same time believe that war is not an excellent way of assuring human progress."

For some time Remarque has made his home in Switzerland, first because of his health and later because of political considerations, because of those "people in Germany" who do not understand his kind of patriotism.

Coming April 26

The New Novel by

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

author of

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

THREE COMRADES

$2.75

100 Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 1937

Author and Publisher

(*Continued from preceding page*)

phoned me, asking why. I had to have some money, I said. Well, he suggested, suppose he sent me a check for—would $500 be enough? It required some patient explanation before I understood him. To be sure this was my first Little, Brown book but I had published three books and collaborated in the writing of two others, and regarded myself as well informed. But I had never heard of an advance. If I have since become an addict, the firm has only itself to blame.

It was a couple of years later that the firm sent me a manuscript in a field I happen to know about and asked my opinion of it. After reading it I duly wrote my opinion and supposed the matter closed. But a week later I received a check for $25 and was informed that this was a reader's fee. I had been in the literary business for something over ten years, and during that time I had read many manuscripts for good friends of mine who happened to be publishers, and none of them had ever sullied our beautiful companionship by offering to pay. In fact, I felt especially grateful to one firm because it had not only thanked me for an opinion but had even given me a nice book to read. At that I had, like the innocent Annie of the American folklore, given away nearly a thousand dollars of my stock in trade before I found out that people would pay for it.

In both of these illuminating transactions I detect something of the Yankee ethics that are the firm's heritage. That make it the particular kind of publishing house into which the particular kind of writer I happen to be can find his proper harbor. My aberrant fondness for publishers is versatile and catholic, but if there is one kind for whom my heart beats temperately it is the publisher who is a novelist manqué. The publisher who knows so much better than you do just what you mean your book to be—who catches clearly the vision you behold but imperfectly, and with a will hardly less genial than that of an author drawing up an advertising campaign sets out to realize it for you by rearranging your book. If in the soul of Little, Brown & Company there lurks any furtive lust of authorship, I can only say that with a restraint never to be praised too highly it has been hidden from me. I write books; they publish books. We have never said as much in words, but on an understanding of the mutual exclusiveness of our trades a singularly happy marriage has been founded. If fingers in their office itch to reduce my manuscript by a hundred pages, to erase the profanity, delete the nude scene, or unscramble the punctuation, they are manfully inhibited. And surely, praising my publisher, I may, since I am a writer, praise myself also. Turning over to them manuscript after

(*Continued on page* 14A)

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School Book Famine

BY WILLIAM McANDREW

AS the textbook goes, so goes Vermont—and every other state and territory. Here and there a wild and glad teacher warmed by a scornful training-school pedagogue to adventure in "nishtiv 'n' 'riginality," tries working from her own outlines. The children have to copy her words into notebooks. A lot is lost in the air between milady and the scribbling plodders. Then back they come to the textbook as the most complete and economical source of the best of our knowledge of the fundamental information, skills, and culture, such as belong to the educated man.

Yet the educational journals are now summing up reports from school people who complain that education has gone lame from lack of nutrition. The textbooks have worn out. Orders were withheld in the lean years. Torn and dirty volumes are in use everywhere. Moreover, so fast have changes come in science, history, geography, and even in the teaching of reading and arithmetic, that books of 1920, commonly in use in 1929, are reservoirs of error. A regiment of researchers and experimenters in the psychological laboratories of universities here and abroad have tested and tabulated the ways the mind works; and their statistically indisputable conclusion settles that a large number of heretofore accepted ways of going at a lesson waste time and damage minds.

Textbook writers are swift in getting the proved and improved ways into their new works and revised volumes. The traveling bookmen, whom publishers organize in classes and give lessons on demonstrating a book to schoolmasters, are the best educated salesmen extant. They have learned the futility of resisting a revised text of a rival publisher when it is threatening to push out their own outmoded book. They are scouts in the field, eagerly searching for authorial talent. Now, whenever you talk with one of these missionaries of learning, he tells you frankly of the plight of the nation's think works, struggling with tools that ought to be scrapped, of schools obliged to have two to six pupils using one book. Since the business upturn the schools have remained starved from lack of material for instruction; but even so there has never been a sufficient appropriation in most schools of the country for texts. By and large, the book cost before depression was only two percent of the school budget.

Relief from the crisis won't come from trustees. And though those who have the most complete knowledge of book famines at any time are publishers, a campaign by them for adequate textbook supply would be as spoofy as the florists' ballyhoo for Mother's Day.

The sufferers most injured of course are the children. They are not wise enough to know what is debilitating their schooling. Teachers are the next hardest hit. They and the school managers, principals, and superintendents know how to present the case to school boards, to Parent-Teacher Associations, and to local clubs. Following such a movement through to the end would give the participants a sort of education that is rich with surprises in happy contrast to school routine. There is good precedent for this, set by those who said to Pharaoh, "There is no straw given to us and they say to us make brick: the fault is in thine own people."

No text gets more attention than the reading book. Nowadays it is swinging back toward the main purpose of the old McGuffey series. The early schoolmaster had a hunch that after reading something of the right sort we should feel, as the Scots say, "upliftit." Into the laboratories of the experimenters in education comes the echoing voice of an old, old love long dead, "McGuffey, McGuffey." These were the books that quietly stole into you and made you different.

It isn't necessary to "write down" for children. I remember a teacher who was wont to read the stories of Greek heroes to her class from the old, stately book of classical Dr. Smith. There was a noble stride to his style. The youngsters were so taken with these tales that the gentle lady got Hawthorne's Wonder Book, covering the same field, and tried that on them. The way the great Nathaniel had diluted the rations for tender stomachs failed to satisfy. The glory that was Greece was not in them.

In spite of the cleverness of the didactic grown person, there is an undertow in the minds of children, sweeping when unhindered. In it are mystery, imagination, nobility—the forces that were in the great writers when the whole race was young.

The educational world is sensing it. I have to review about forty school books a year. I am startled by the rebellion of textbook writers against the common tradition that the literature class room must be, most of all, a workhouse. Teacher-writers in their prefaces are boldly urging: don't kill the appetite by tasks. Reading is for enjoyment and satisfaction. Literature is art and life, not a chore. Schools have educated readers never to want to see a classic again.

"If Romeo," commented Herbert Low of Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, "had written of her character such an examination as schools ask, he would have fled from Juliet in disgust."

William McAndrew, formerly associate superintendent of schools in New York City and later superintendent of schools in Chicago, is editor of The Educational Review *and* School and Society.

Watch For This New American Romance That Promises To Win Your Heart

The TURBULENT PENDRAYLES by TOBIAS WAGNER. ***To be published April 5th.*** **$2.50. LITTLE, BROWN & CO.**

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FROM CANADA . . .
Snow drifts attract Mazo de la Roche whose "Jalna" novels introduced a new family which immediately won, and has long held a place in the hearts of her readers.

DEAD . . . .
. . . James Norn
was given up
when he crashe
the German lin

FAMILIARLY QUOTED . . .
. . . for generations, John Bartlett's famous book first appeared in 1855. Re-edited by Christopher Morley, it is on the Little, Brown list for 1937.

THAT INTERNATIONAL SLEUTH . . .
. . . E. Phillips Oppenheim finds himself at sea. (1934)

THE HOPE DIAMOND . . .
. . . weighs gently on Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean as she autographs copies of "Father Struck It Rich." (1936)

PENSIVELY . . .
. . . Louisa May Alcott bends over her work. About the time she served as nurse in Union Hospital, Georgetown. 1862.

"QUO VADIS" . . .
. . . Henryk Sienkiewic
and his son walking in
street in Cracow, Poland
in 1912.

THE people wh
often as intere
they write. Yet th
a famous name so
though always of
On this page are
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One Hundred Years o
One

LITTLE, BROWN

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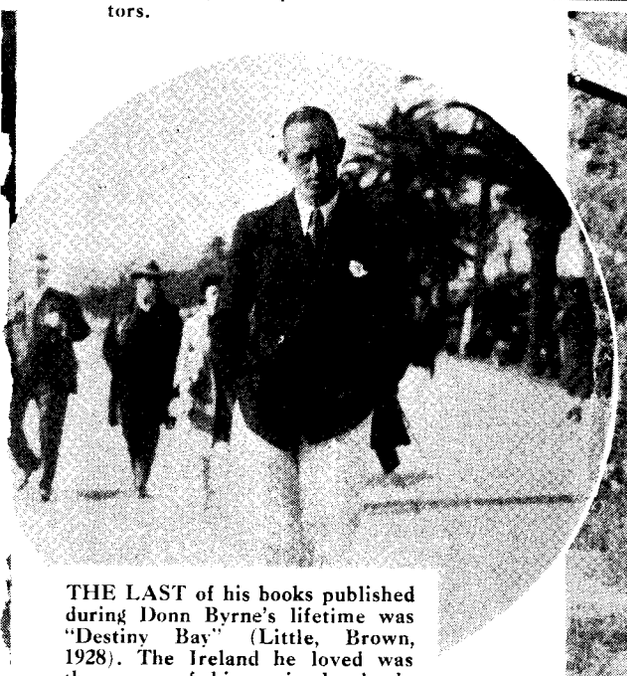
n Hall
or lost
behind
, 1918.

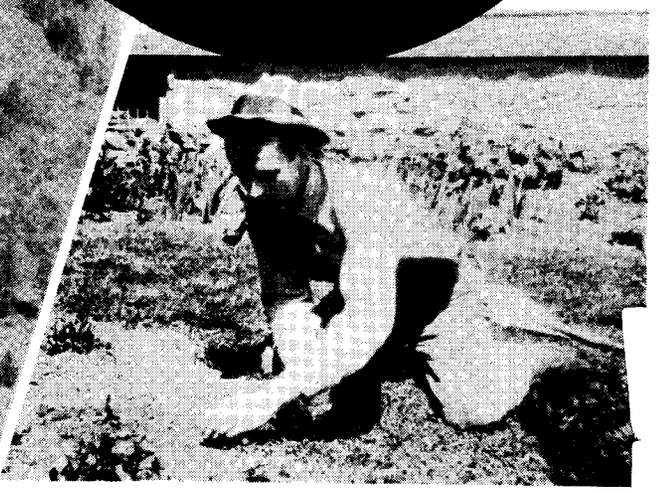
ALIVE . . .
. . . fifteen minutes later, Hall is shown bandaged, surrounded by his captors.

IMMORTAL COOK . . .
A rare photograph of Fannie Merritt Farmer, taken before her famous "Boston Cooking School Cook Book" became the standard American guide for brides, wives, mothers, grandmothers.

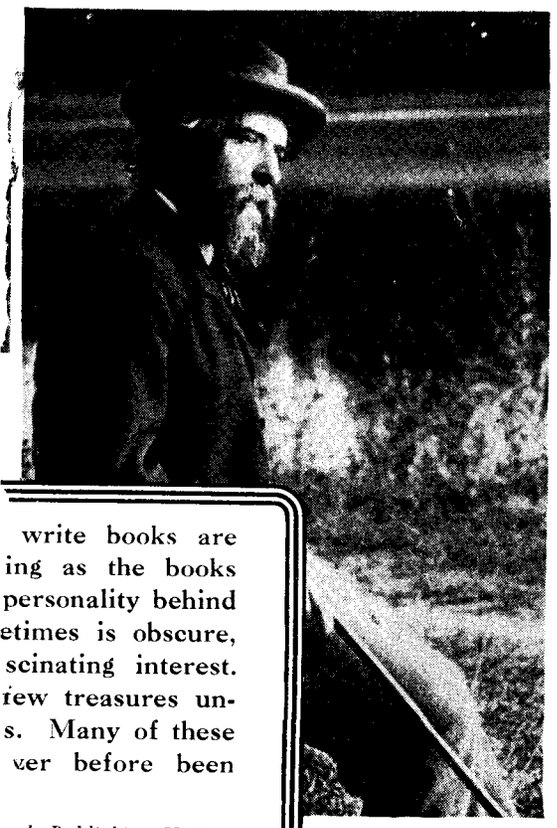


THE LAST of his books published during Donn Byrne's lifetime was "Destiny Bay" (Little, Brown, 1928). The Ireland he loved was the scene of his untimely death.

TELEGRAPH POLES . . .
. . . hold no mystery for the author of "Slim": back as far as 1927 William Wister Haines knew his job.



PAY DIRT . . .
Walter D. Edmonds, author of "Drums Along the Mohawk," finds the "Edmonds Country" (northern New York State prolific both in crops and in literary inspiration.



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& COMPANY

1937

DAUDET PAUSES..
. . . by the stream while his thoughts go back to "Letters from My Mill" which first appeared in 1866.

"WHO SAYS . . .
. . . those stylish yellow oilskin coats are worn only in New York?" asks Courtney Ryley Cooper, who wore one in Colorado in 1924.

ALL QUIET . . .
. . . is the shady spot in Switzerland where Erich Maria Remarque was snapped last fall.

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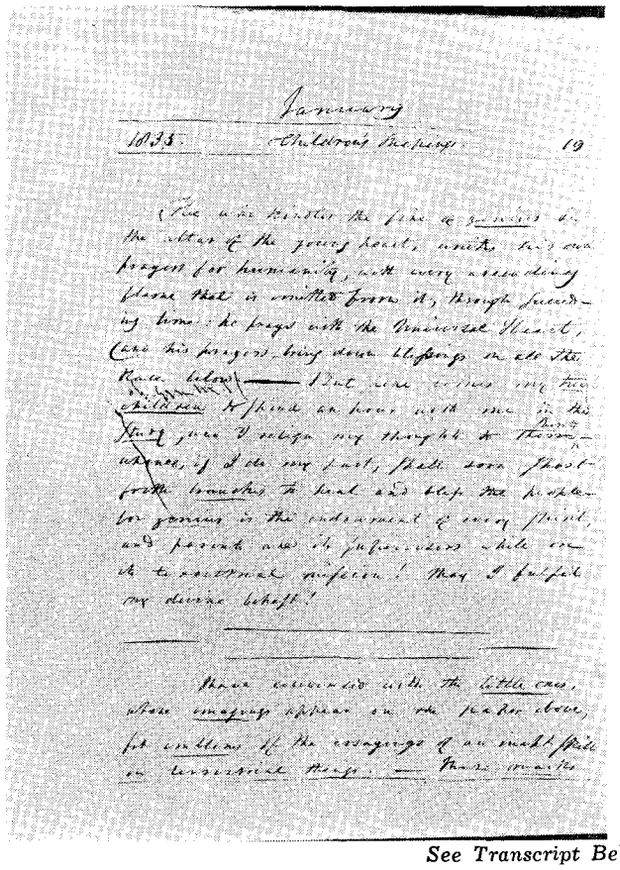

January
1835 Children's Shapings 19

(For we kindle the fire of genius on the altar of the young heart, unites his own prayers for humanity, with every ascending flame that is emitted from it, through succeeding time: he prays with the Universal Heart, and his prayers bring down blessings on all the race below.—But here comes my two children to spend an hour with me in this study, and I resign my thoughts to their spirits—whence, if I do my part, shall soon shoot forth to heal and bless the people—for genius is the endowment of every spirit, and parents are its supervisors while on its terrestrial mission! May I fulfill my divine behest!

I have conversed with the little ones, whose imagings appear on the paper above; fit emblems of the essayings of an inapt skill on terrestrial things.—These marks

See Transcript Below*

Louisa Alcott's Earliest Literary Effort as Her Father's Collaborator

IF you will look closely at this photograph, you will see, a few lines from the top of the page, two additions obviously not made by the author, one a bold, sharp scribble and the other a light, wavy line. The bold strokes are probably the earliest preserved pen marks of Louisa May Alcott. The lighter line is the contribution of her sister, Anna, and the manuscript is a page from the five-million-word journals of Bronson Alcott. Although these journals have never been lost, they have been strangely overlooked. It was left for Odell Shepard to make the literary "discovery" of them. With the exception of the author, he is probably the only person who has read them in their entirety and in their pages he has rediscovered a man whose character and attainments must rank in stature with our very greatest. His contemporaries appreciated the true worth of Bronson Alcott, but posterity has either forgotten him or distorted his memory. "Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott," with which Mr. Shepard has won Little, Brown and Company's Centenary Prize Contest, will in the opinion of the publishers make beautifully clear to this generation why Emerson called Bronson Alcott "the highest genius of his time" and why Hawthorne said of him, "there was no man . . . whose mere presence, the language of whose look and manner, wrought such an impression."

*TRANSCRIPT OF PAGE PICTURED:

Children's Shapings. He who kindles the fire of *genius* on the altar of the young heart, unites his own prayers for humanity, with every ascending flame that is emitted from it, through succeeding time: he prays with the Universal Heart, and his prayers bring down blessings on all the race below.—But here comes my *two children* to spend an hour with me in this study, and I resign my thoughts to their spirits—whence, if I do my part, shall soon shoot forth to heal and bless the people—for *genius* is the endowment of every spirit, and parents are its supervisors while on its terrestrial mission! May I fulfill my divine behest!

I have conversed with the *little ones*, whose imagings appear on the paper above; fit emblems of the essayings of an inapt skill on terrestrial things.—These *marks*

One Hundred Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

1837 1937

Author and Publisher

(Continued from page 10A)

manuscript, I have never once wailed about make-up, publicity, advertising, or sales. It is not, understand please, that there has not been opportunity—there was that memorable time—but let it go. I write books; they publish them.

I touch here, of course, on a question endlessly debated in the literary world, and on an emotion as complex and perilous as any that this curious relationship involves. It is a relationship, the partnership of writer and publisher, fraught with as inexplicable emotions and unpredictable crises as any marriage. Like marriage also it is a drawn battle at best, a tension to be relieved only, not resolved. Its most delicate balance and most serious friction are involved in the discussions of the completed manuscript. Is it really completed? Shall the publisher insist on the changes he feels desirable? Shall he exercise either his tact or his authority to obtain deletions, revisions, rewriting, which he believes will improve it? When he does so is he moved by critical considerations, by his experience as a merchandiser, by his own feeling for the book? How far is he passing judgment on the book, and how far is he trying to write his own book? And how far shall the writer accept his advice? How far can the writer trust it as an objective judgment superior to his own, which is tired and weathertossed by the long process of creation? How far shall he distrust it as alien to his own vision? At what point shall he decide that since the vision is his, the responsibility must be his also?

The trade of publishing is nowhere more difficult than here. What it has of craft and skill as well as intuition and experience is called for in the decision to intervene or leave alone. I know that, but I know also that so far as I am concerned he must not intervene. It is my book, written as I see it; if it is wrong or bad, that is my guilt, and he is entitled to say so and to refuse to risk his money. What shudders, apprehension, and disgust I may have cost Little, Brown & Company I do not know, for they have held their peace. And that is why I am bound to them more securely than any contract could bind me.

One thing more. Some months ago I quite casually told Alfred McIntyre that I had burned all I had so far written on a novel he was even then delicately publicizing in his releases. Eighty thousand words had gone up the chimney and "Mountain Time" must begin again at scratch and could not possibly come out till at least a year after the date he had announced for it. He said, "All right," and talked genially about other things. If you can do that, you are a publisher, my son. . . . Still, I should like to see his face when he reads here his first notification that "Mountain Time" has got to go over for still another year.

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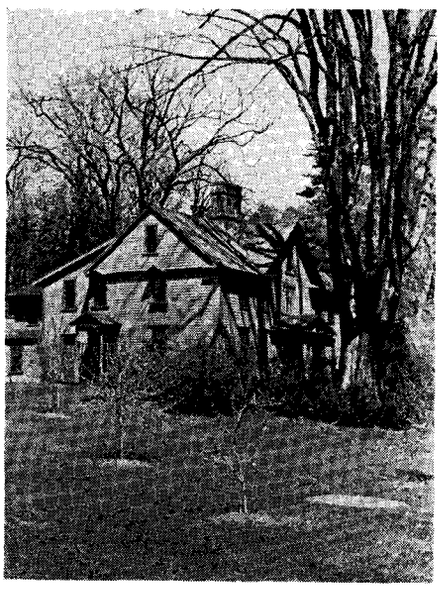
Sunken Treasure

BY ODELL SHEPARD

IN mere priority of literary experience there is slight value and no merit. If this were not so, printers and proof-readers would have an unfair advantage. Any sensible person would prefer to be the best reader of a given book, as John Keats probably was of Chapman's Homer, rather than merely the first one. Yet the sensation of being "the first that ever burst" into this or that sunless sea of literature is unquestionably thrilling. Or so I found it, at any rate, during the two or three months of a recent summer during which I read steadily on and on into a huge mass of writing which, in large part, had never been seen by any eyes other than the writer's and my own.

Students of American letters have long been aware that Bronson Alcott left a large body of manuscript which, if it were only accessible, might assist in the interpretation of Transcendentalism and of New England's great period of reform. Many students of American thought have long wished to examine this voluminous record of one whom Emerson called "the most remarkable man and the highest genius of his age," and whom his contemporaries often called "Emerson's master." For half a century, however, the eighty bound volumes of Alcott's manuscripts—more than half of them private journals, and the rest comprising "Autobiographical Collections," records of travel, public conversations, genealogical jottings, drafts of unpublished books, and minute observations upon the writer's children in their infancy—have been resting almost undisturbed on the shelves of a private library in Concord, Massachusetts. So far as scholarship is concerned, they have never before been read.

For this fact we may thank that trait of human nature which prevents a prophet from attaining high honor in his own country, among his own kin, and in his own house. Concord has long regarded Bronson Alcott with the amused tolerance which an oyster may be imagined as feeling toward its own pearl; and America in general has not yet begun to respect a man who, as some few still remember, was not respected by his butcher. If we hesitate to set him down once for all as an incompetent and impecunious charlatan, the reason is, chiefly, that Emerson, who must be allowed to have known him well, did somehow manage to put up with him, and that he himself did manage to beget a daughter who was rather impressively "successful." Yet even with such assistance Bronson Alcott was not quite "respectable" in the full, rich sense of the word. The history of his reputation reminds one of the astonishment expressed by Senator Hoar when he learned that some one was proposing to publish the journals of Henry Thoreau —actually to put into print the random jottings of that same town-loafer whom he had often seen trundling a wheelbarrow down Main Street, with a patch on the seat of his trousers.



ALCOTT'S HOUSE AT CONCORD
Photograph by Bernard DeVoto.

Alcott published himself to his own time chiefly by sixty years of conversation; but the tradition of his talk, except as it is preserved in the pages of Emerson and Thoreau, is now dwindling away. Indeed, the man might soon become a mere name if it were not for the huge mass of his unpublished writings, extending by a rough estimate to some eight million words, which he left to represent him. When these are taken into consideration, however, Alcott is seen to be one of the most fully recorded of all Americans. It is true that the early series of his journals, written in his youth in the New England hills and during his years of peddling in Virginia, were destroyed, perhaps intentionally, in 1833. Alcott himself, moreover, lost the journals dealing with his momentous visit to England and with his famous experiment at Fruitlands. Finally, two or three hundred pages of his earlier journals have been deleted, with scissors, by some unnamed domestic censor. But these deplorable gaps are really of slight importance in the tireless day-in and day-out continuity of a record which extends from 1826 to 1882 and which carries the reader from western Connecticut to Boston, Concord, England, New York, and ten times into the West. Although by no means a skillful writer, Alcott had an orderly mind and a patient, faithful, slow-pulsed hand. There are certain matters such as failure, sickness, debts, sex, and what he calls "family straits" which he will not write about, but he does write copiously and sometimes almost brilliantly about Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Garrison, the Channings, and a multitude of other earnest and somewhat humorless minds that made up his busy and eager world. Alcott was passionately fond of human association and he had a vast number of acquaintances. For many years, moreover, he was a neighbor and a friend of three or four men about whom we can never hear too much. His manuscripts are, in effect, an enormous letter from the nineteenth to the twentieth century.

BRONSON ALCOTT

In reading these manuscripts, so clean and clear and for the most part carefully written, one feels the excitement of an explorer. They recall that ancient tale about the spoken words that were first frozen into a long silence and then were suddenly melted into audibility for ears quite other than those at first addressed. They bring Alcott to life, like Rip Van Winkle, in an America decidedly unlike the one he knew. And scores of men and women whose names are even more dim and distant than his come to life here along with him. For all their serenity and their preoccupation with things of the mind, Alcott's manuscripts seem to crumple space and time and to crowd his past into our present. In the words of one who was a chief participant, they show us the beginnings of the anti-slavery movement in Boston, the inception and growth of the Transcendental Club, the early experiments in modern methods of education and the changing attitude toward childhood, the development of utopian and communistic schemes such as those of Brook Farm and Fruitlands, and the gradual intensification of feeling which led to the War between the States. Although written from a New Englander's point of view, they come from a man who

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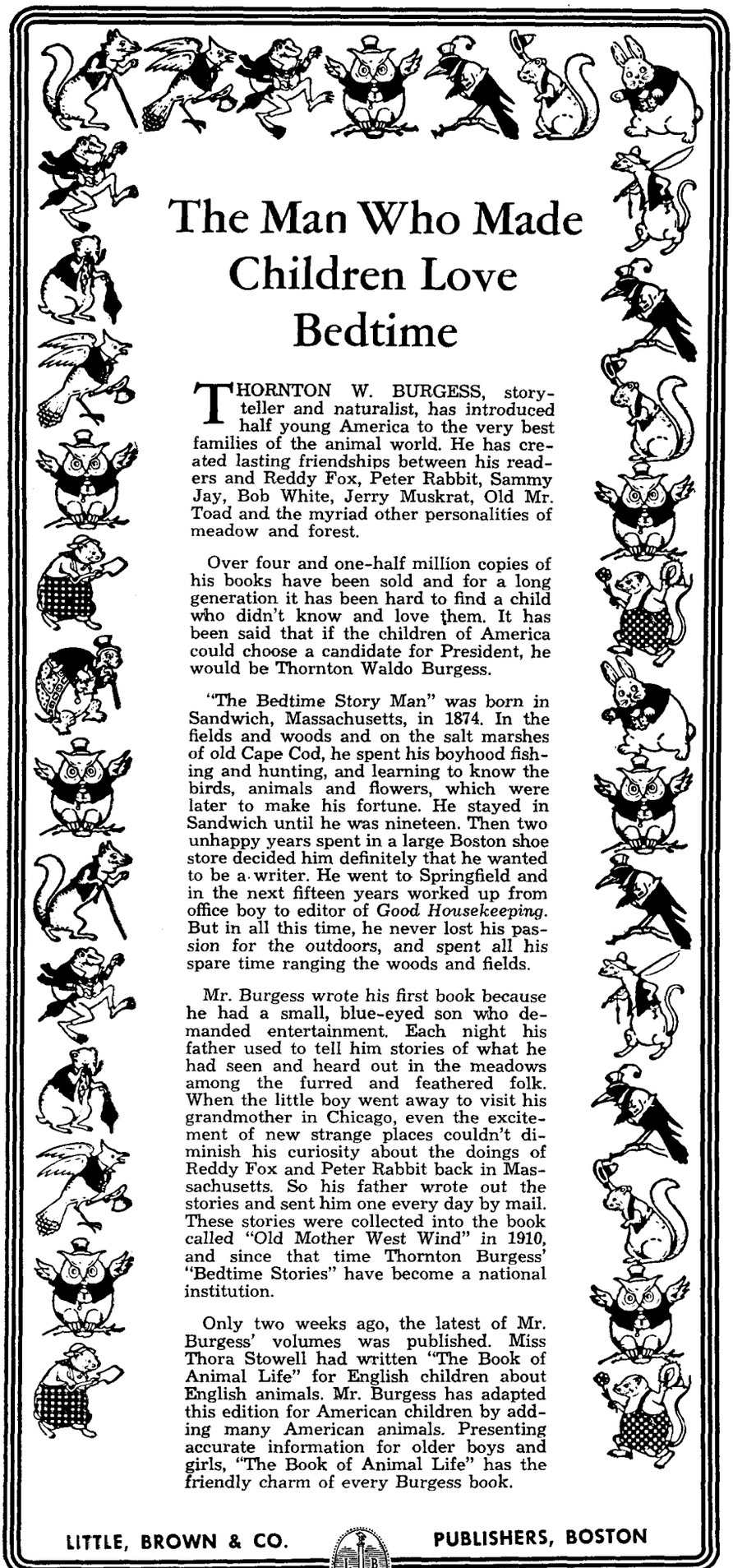

The Man Who Made Children Love Bedtime

THORNTON W. BURGESS, story-teller and naturalist, has introduced half young America to the very best families of the animal world. He has created lasting friendships between his readers and Reddy Fox, Peter Rabbit, Sammy Jay, Bob White, Jerry Muskrat, Old Mr. Toad and the myriad other personalities of meadow and forest.

Over four and one-half million copies of his books have been sold and for a long generation it has been hard to find a child who didn't know and love them. It has been said that if the children of America could choose a candidate for President, he would be Thornton Waldo Burgess.

"The Bedtime Story Man" was born in Sandwich, Massachusetts, in 1874. In the fields and woods and on the salt marshes of old Cape Cod, he spent his boyhood fishing and hunting, and learning to know the birds, animals and flowers, which were later to make his fortune. He stayed in Sandwich until he was nineteen. Then two unhappy years spent in a large Boston shoe store decided him definitely that he wanted to be a writer. He went to Springfield and in the next fifteen years worked up from office boy to editor of *Good Housekeeping*. But in all this time, he never lost his passion for the outdoors, and spent all his spare time ranging the woods and fields.

Mr. Burgess wrote his first book because he had a small, blue-eyed son who demanded entertainment. Each night his father used to tell him stories of what he had seen and heard out in the meadows among the furred and feathered folk. When the little boy went away to visit his grandmother in Chicago, even the excitement of new strange places couldn't diminish his curiosity about the doings of Reddy Fox and Peter Rabbit back in Massachusetts. So his father wrote out the stories and sent him one every day by mail. These stories were collected into the book called "Old Mother West Wind" in 1910, and since that time Thornton Burgess' "Bedtime Stories" have become a national institution.

Only two weeks ago, the latest of Mr. Burgess' volumes was published. Miss Thora Stowell had written "The Book of Animal Life" for English children about English animals. Mr. Burgess has adapted this edition for American children by adding many American animals. Presenting accurate information for older boys and girls, "The Book of Animal Life" has the friendly charm of every Burgess book.

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Sunken Treasure

(*Continued from preceding page*)

knew the Old South and who came to know the New West. Indeed, they suggest that Alcott was one of the first Americans to see this country not by sections but as a whole. What is perhaps more valuable, they give us hundreds of new glimpses of Emerson, as seen by one who knew him intimately for almost fifty years. They take us into the study of Dr. Channing, into the printing-office of Garrison's *Liberator*, and into Thoreau's hut at Walden Pond. They bring Nathaniel Hawthorne before one, and they draw Walt Whitman, at the height of his powers, to the life. They reveal Louisa Alcott in her infancy, her girlhood, and her maturity, as seen by the man who made her, in large part, what she was.

Much has been made, and rightly, of the recent discovery at Malahide Castle of James Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides" in the original manuscript. One has no difficulty in imagining the thrill of the man who first glanced at those mouldering and spotted leaves as they lay in the old croquet box and saw what he had before him. Yet he had found only the original and superior version of a work which had been easily accessible in print for a century and a half. Not a thousandth part of Alcott's manuscripts have ever been published. Boswell draws one superb picture of one great man. Alcott, though far less able in portraiture, presents his reader with dozens of sketches which include at least a few persons as great in their way as Dr. Johnson himself.

Although the thrill of discovery may be the same in reading the manuscripts of Alcott as in finding those of Boswell, the two writers are as different as any two that one might name. Alcott has by far too little of Boswell's precise detail. His thought tends always toward the abstract. Above all else, his prose needs a great many more little shining nailheads of ascertained fact, driven home. He never tells us, as Boswell does of Johnson, what Thoreau had for breakfast. He never mentions Emerson's trick of hiding a half-smoked cigar under one of the railings of his fence when he went into the house. He was neither a gossip nor a quidnunc. One might say that he lived not so much on the surface of the earth as in the stratosphere, where he was accessible chiefly to the cosmic rays. He was not a reporter of human frailties but a secretary of the Spirit. For that reason, however, he is all the more fitted to remind us of those qualities in American thought and experience which must persist for as long as America endures.

Odell Shepard, professor of English at Trinity College, edited "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals," and is the author of a number of books, including "Shakespeare Questions," "The Lore of the Unicorn," and the forthcoming "Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott."

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Highlights of 100 Years

(Continued from page 6A)

really responsible for the German Navy as it exists today. When it was published it was immediately translated into German. Emperor William was so impressed with the book that he ordered a copy placed in the library of every German warship, and ordered all German naval officers to read and study it. Emperor William praised it as the greatest modern work on naval affairs, and the greatest work on sea power. This book taught the Germans the importance of gaining sea power.

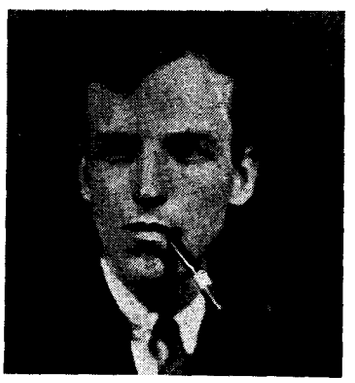
In 1898 Little, Brown made a significant addition to their list with the purchase of Roberts Brothers, among whose authors were Edward Everett Hale, Helen Hunt Jackson ("Ramona"), Laura E. Richards, Emily Dickinson, and Louisa M. Alcott. Thomas Niles, manager of Roberts (and another bookseller turned publisher), had published "Little Women" in 1868 somewhat against his own judgment; but fortunately he had had the presence of mind to show the manuscript to his niece and some of her friends, and followed their opinion. He made Miss Alcott an outright offer, but immediately advised her to take royalties instead, which she did. Little, Brown is still paying royalties on "Little Women" to Miss Alcott's heirs, although the book is out of copyright.

When the story comes into the twentieth century, "One Hundred Years" leaves even more to the memories of its readers, and rides the high spots. Thornton W. Burgess's animal stories first appeared in book form in 1910. E. Phillips Oppenheim has been on the list since 1903; "The Great Impersonation" did not take place until 1920. A good anecdote (not in the book) tells how Jeffrey Farnol got his start. During 1910 he was looking all over New York for a publisher for "The Broad Highway," but without any luck. A friend offered to take it to Boston and show it to Little, Brown. The friend got to Boston all right, but forgot about the manuscript. Herbert Jenkins got "The Broad Highway" in London a year later.

Good for a paragraph in any publishing history is the story of A. S. M. Hutchinson. "If Winter Comes," his fourth novel and his greatest success, probably fooled more people more of the time than any other book published in 1921. The old opposite-editorial page of the *World*, with Broun and F. P. A., went off the deep end, and all the young intellectuals were reading "If Winter Comes," under the impression that Mr. Hutchinson was in the vanguard of a movement for the reform of divorce laws and sexual taboos. Their faces turned red when "This Freedom"—probably the worst novel Little, Brown ever published, though I haven't read them all—came out in 1922. Even the general public lay down on Hutchinson after 160,000 copies of "This Freedom," leaving the publishers with 20,000 copies and 20,000 unbound sheets, ordered for

(Continued on page 20A)

He has made it "The Edmonds Country"



WALTER D. EDMONDS

WALTER D. EDMONDS has taken upper New York State as his writing province. He was born there, has become its historian, and has made it the fountainhead of all his novels.

"Rome Haul," Edmonds' first novel, is the story of a farm boy turned canal-boater and of his love for Molly Larkins, the canal boat cook. Actually the chief character is the Erie Canal itself with its roaring, hard-working, fighting, drinking, wenching crews who carried wheat East, manufactures and immigrants West. The hinterland of the Canal in the 60's provides the background for "The Big Barn," the intricate tale of old Ralph Wilder who builds the biggest barn in the country as a symbol of his conquest of the Northern New York wilderness. Less of an epic than "Rome Haul," this book marks an increase in the author's power of accurate and sensitive characterization. "Erie Water" goes back to the building of the canal, to tell how Jerry Fowler forgot even his wife in the cutting of the great ditch through swamp and forest from Albany to the lake. "Mostly Canallers" contains twenty-four short stories about the men who ran the boats on the canal, of the eccentric beings who tended the locks, of freighting and fighting between the crews, of races between whatever things will move whether barges or caterpillars—stories which are not merely character sketches but have absorbing plots. Most recently, in "Drums Along the Mohawk," Mr. Edmonds tells the story of the forgotten pioneers of the Mohawk Valley and their magnificent single-handed struggle to defend their homes from marauding British, Indians and Tories—fighting a war they never understood, abandoned by the continental authorities and ignored ever since by history.

188th Thousand

WALTER D. EDMONDS

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

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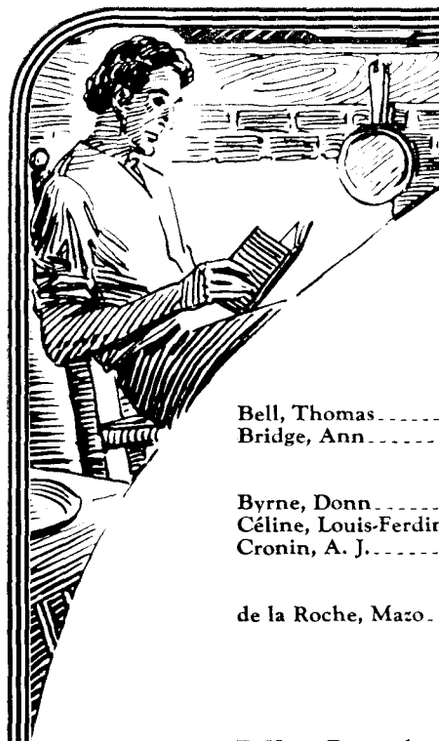

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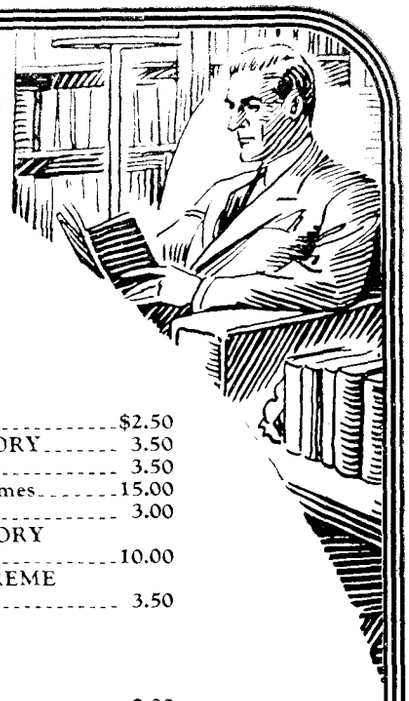

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Tahiti is Their Workshop

ONE hundred and forty-eight years ago in the lonely wastes of the South Seas the crew of *H.M.S. Bounty* mutinied. The circumstances surrounding the mutiny, the epic open-boat voyage of the loyal seamen, the trial of the mutineers who were captured and the mysterious disappearance of the rest formed a *cause célèbre* that rocked the naval world of that day as it would not be rocked again until Trafalgar. The story became a legend and with the years, details forgot, became little more than the dimly remembered name, *Bounty*.

Eighteen years ago a literary partnership was formed which for long life and fruitfulness has few equals in literary history, that of Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Living and working in Tahiti, the *Bounty's* last port of call, they have recreated the story of the *Bounty*. They have told it as fiction but have shown the greatest fidelity to known historical facts. The three phases of the story first appeared as separate volumes: "Mutiny on the Bounty," the story of the voyage, the Tahitian idyll, the mutiny and the trial; "Men Against the Sea," the story of Captain Bligh's heroic 3,600-mile open-boat voyage; "Pitcairn's Island," the story of the strange fate of the mutineers who escaped. Together these three books constitute one of the great sea stories of all time.

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THE BOUNTY TRILOGY

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Highlights of 100 Years

(Continued from page 17A)

the Christmas rush that was all over by Thanksgiving.

Little, Brown became the publishers of Atlantic Monthly Press books in 1925, acquiring a new list of authors including A. Edward Newton and James Truslow Adams. Since then the Atlantic Press has gone in heavily for prize contests, and the first of these events turned up "Jalna" in 1927, which was to become the nearest literary equivalent of a perpetual motion machine: there are now six volumes, and it goes forward and backward. The best known of all the Atlantic Press books is undoubtedly Nordhoff and Hall's "Mutiny on the Bounty."

From here on the story is as familiar as "Only Yesterday." In 1929 came Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." Little, Brown first heard of this book through a German dispatch in the London *Observer*, and cabled to England for it. Another American publisher had it on option ("One Hundred Years" politely doesn't say who) but turned it down two days later, because it was "too pacifistic." In three years "All Quiet" had been translated into more than twenty-five languages, and had a world sale of 3,500,000 copies.

I wish "One Hundred Years" had told the rest of the story. Every one remembers that in Little, Brown's edition, one chapter of "All Quiet," the famous hospital scene was omitted. This chapter was taken out at the instance of the Book-of-the-Month Club, after the book had been set up in type; the elimination of the chapter made it necessary to repage the entire book. When "All Quiet" was submitted to the Book-of-the-Month Club, Alfred McIntyre wrote to Robert K. Haas, then president of the B. M. C., as follows: "There is no doubt that the book will shock some people, but it is so magnificently done that we have thought it would not be censored. We are worried somewhat about one episode, that in the hospital, and we are entirely prepared to remove this, and indeed, would make any further changes required by your Selecting Committee, although any elimination will, we think, take something of value from a great book." It was decided to eliminate the chapter so that there would be no danger of having the book barred from the mails—an eventuality which would have made more trouble for the Book-of-the-Month Club, which distributes individual volumes by mail to its subscribers, than for the publisher, who can make quantity shipments to booksellers by express. The hospital scene was later restored in Grosset & Dunlap's reprint edition of "All Quiet."

This account has of necessity omitted to mention many publications of interest and importance, but particular reference should be made to two books that came out during the twenties. One of these,

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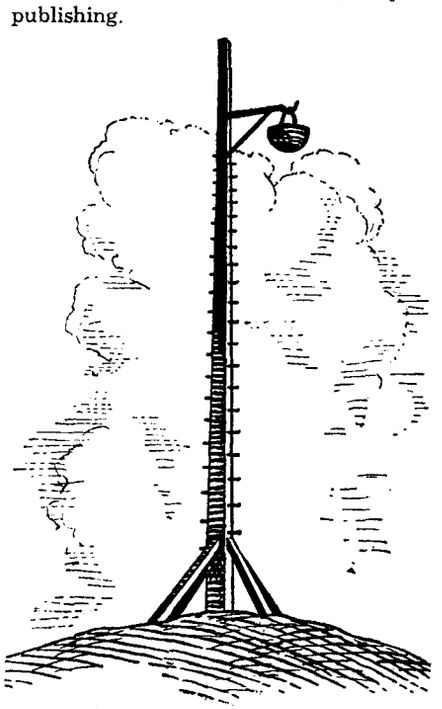
"The Supreme Court in United States History," by Charles Warren, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1923, and is particularly timely in the light of 1937 headlines. The other, Ulrich B. Phillips's "Life and Labor in the Old South," was published in 1929, and is generally regarded by historians as a work of high distinction.

Returning to fiction, after Remarque came other writers—A. J. Cronin, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Walter D. Edmonds, James Hilton. . . . "Mr. Chips" was ordered as a Christmas story by *The British Weekly,* and Hilton was stumped for an idea almost until the deadline. . . . And in 1935 Little, Brown took over "The Old Farmer's Almanac," published continuously since 1793.

This story of Little, Brown's hundred years in publishing has taken shape largely in terms of Little, Brown's authors; and it is probably true, as I have heard more than one publisher say, that a publishing house is, in the last analysis, its list of authors. The most brilliant editors, the most sagacious publishers, live in the background behind the writers they develop and the books they sponsor. The line of succession, from the days of Charles C. Little and James Brown, runs through their surviving partner Augustus Flagg; John Murray Brown, youngest son of James; James W. McIntyre, who became head of the firm in 1908; Charles W. Allen; and Alfred McIntyre, son of the elder McIntyre, president since 1926. These men have represented an unbroken tradition, which they have summed up in the Latin phrase of their motto, "Non refert quam multos sed quam bonos habeas," or in English, "fewer and better books." This tradition is concrete in terms of the books and authors which have highlighted Little, Brown's century of publishing.



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From Sentinel (Beacon) Hill

Books That Have Made Publishing History

How Many Have You Read?

One Hundred Years of Book Publishing Under One Name

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THE PERSONALITY OF BOOKS by Roger L. Scaife

WHEN you think of a favorite book, doesn't a picture of the book itself often come to your mind? Have you never glimpsed an old familiar cover and found the story emerging from some forgotten corner in your memory?

Can you think of "Alice in Wonderland" without seeing in your mind the bright red cover, the pictures of the mad Tea Party, the King and Queen, the Mad Hatter and the other pen-and-inks by John Tenniel which are so absolutely a part of the story? Do you remember the Louisa Alcott books of old in their sober, brown or green bindings? That binding is still used and many copies of these juveniles are still circulated in this original style because the reading public associate the form with the stories they really care for.

The PERSONALITY OF A BOOK is the work of author, artist and publisher combined, and to produce a harmonious whole all three must collaborate understandingly.

Little, Brown and Company always try to convey through the physical appearance of their books an indication of their content and, at the same time, recognize the importance of individual treatment.

For this reason the planning of every detail is carried through under the watchful supervision both of technical experts and of the executives of the Company.

Before a manuscript is placed in the printer's hands it is gone over with scrupulous care by a member of the Editorial Department, then it goes under the eye of the designer, who plans the type page, the size and style of type, the proper margins, the decorations and the choice of paper in order to give the volume the proper proportions. Many other details are connected with this work—an important item is planning the title page, for even the simplest of title pages can be a thing of typographical beauty. The question of illustrations is discussed and an artist selected whose work seems appropriate to the character of the book. The plans for jacket or wrapper are then determined. The illustrator is expected to furnish the jacket drawing when illustrations are used. When illustrated jackets are not appropriate, typography, descriptive text, design and color become even more important.

There are four cardinal principles which Little, Brown and Company apply to their jackets. First, they shall attract and appeal at a glance. Second, they shall be so designed as to make clear and definite the title and the author's name. Third, such descriptive matter as may be included must give accurate information. Fourth, the whole effect of the wrapper should identify itself with the book, its contents, and its general character.

Since the jacket sounds the keynote, the designs for the binding, its color, etc., are left until the jacket design has been approved. The cover is then planned to blend with the jacket and the book is sped to completion through the various processes.

It must be remembered, however, that much work remains for both the author and publisher before the volume makes its bow to the public. The correction of the proof, first in galley form and then in page, often necessitates revisions and delays. Last moment additions or changes often occur. Then there is the index to prepare, which cannot be done until the final page proofs are complete. The reproduction of the illustrations in any one of the many processes now available depends upon the book itself and the character of the pictures.

Little, Brown and Company has no press of its own, preferring to make use of the various plants which offer special facilities for special work. The engraving and color work also are reproduced by a number of outside engraving companies.

The binding, however, is done in their own Riverside Bindery in Cambridge, especially designed for the varying needs of the business.

Book-making is much the same throughout the publishing industry. If Little, Brown and Company's books are individual, it is because care is taken with each step in the manufacture, the executives keep in touch with these processes, and try to follow the tastes and inclinations of the authors. As a result, it is believed that the appearance of Little, Brown books reflects the spirit and content of the text, thus giving to each title a personality of its own.

THE PRESENT DIRECTORS OF LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Seated, left to right, Herbert F. Jenkins, 1st vice president; Alfred R. McIntyre, president; Ross Whistler, treasurer. Standing, left to right, Henry G. Halladay, secretary; Roger L. Scaife, 2nd vice president; John A. Reed, 3rd vice president; James W. Sherman, head of the schoolbook department.

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Beginning THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS

At 35...

A. J. CRONIN was a London physician; at 35 he was the author of a novel which was challenging comparison with the work of Dickens, Hardy and Balzac. *Hatter's Castle* was published in 1931 and made its author famous. Three other novels, *Three Loves, Grand Canary* and the 1935 best-seller *The Stars Look Down*, have followed. Now he has written to his American publishers that he is more than half way through a new novel and "crazy about it. South Wales (town, then village) then London are the scenes." This is a medical novel, based in part on Cronin's own experiences—he was once government medical inspector in the mines of South Wales. He adds: "I simply *had* to write this book." This is good news for his American audience. We hope to publish the new novel in August.

A. J. CRONIN

Since 1926...

when SYLVIA THOMPSON'S novel, *The Hounds of Spring*, was heading the bestseller lists, she has written a succession of novels which have made her work popular with a wide audience. Then she was a light-hearted girl of 23; now her work has taken on more serious undertones. At present she is hard at work on what she regards as her most ambitious undertaking, a novel to be called *Recapture the Moon*, which "begins in 1918 at the end of one war and ends in 1938 at the opening of another." For these last three months Miss Thompson has been quietly working in South Egremont, Massachusetts, in the Berkshires. Her novel is near enough to completion for us to say that we expect to bring it out in July.

SYLVIA THOMPSON

Second Winner

The second winner of the Atlantic Novel Prize was *Peking Picnic*, a first novel by ANN BRIDGE, the wife of a British diplomat who conceals her identity under this pseudonym. Her husband's career has taken this author to remote parts of the earth. In each of her novels she has presented arresting pictures of Anglo-Saxons in exotic environments. The setting of *Peking Picnic* and of the novel which followed, *The Ginger Griffin*, was China. With her third book, *Illyrian Spring*, the scene shifted to the Dalmatian coast. Now she is working at the rate of two thousand words a day on a new novel. She writes: "I can go on giving you encouragement about *Enchanter's Nightshade*. I am halfway through Chapter XVII, and there are to be but 27! It is different to the others:—it is not so gentle, the interest is diffused over more characters instead of being concentrated on one or two, and being a continental 'period piece' (thirty years ago in N. Italy) it has in a way less immediate smack."

ANN BRIDGE

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Jalna

Jalna was the novel which won for Mazo de la Roche in 1927, the first Atlantic Novel Prize of $10,000. This, with five novels which follow in the series, make up the well-loved saga of the Canadian family of Whiteoaks. Best known for the Jalna novels, Miss de la Roche has other strings to her bow, notably a delicately penetrating, yet realistic and unsentimental understanding of children which was charmingly demonstrated in her book *Beside a Norman Tower*. Published in 1934, this little book described in exquisite detail the everyday life of a very small brother and sister, just out of babyhood. In a new book on which she is now at work, *The Very House*, Miss de la Roche continues their adventures as they grow a little older, in the same happy vein which made *Beside a Norman Tower* a delight for the discriminating reader. At present in England, the author plans to come to America when her play *Whiteoaks* has its New York opening. The American production, originally scheduled by the Shuberts for last November, has been postponed because of the tremendous success of the play in London, where it has already had a run of over 300 performances.

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